

1923

Flamingo Vol. IV N 3

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Denison University

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Denison University

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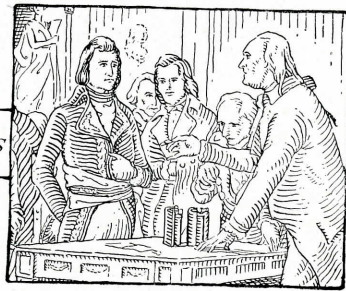
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flamingo



VOLTA EXPLAINING HIS BATTERY TO NAPOLEON



How Electrical Engineering began

IT IS not enough to experiment and to observe in scientific research. There must also be interpretation. Take the cases of Galvani and Volta.

One day in 1786 Galvani touched with his metal instruments the nerves of a frog's amputated hind legs. The legs twitched in a very life-like way. Even when the frog's legs were hung from an iron railing by copper hooks, the phenomenon persisted. Galvani knew that he was dealing with electricity but concluded that the frog's legs had in some way generated the current.

Then came Volta, a contemporary, who said in effect: "Your interpretation is wrong. Two different metals in contact with a moist nerve set up currents of electricity. I will prove it without the aid of frog's legs."

Volta piled disks of different metals one on top of another and

separated the disks with moist pieces of cloth. Thus he generated a steady current. This was the "Voltaic pile"—the first battery, the first generator of electricity.

Both Galvani and Volta were careful experimenters, but Volta's correct interpretation of effects gave us electrical engineering.

Napoleon was the outstanding figure in the days of Galvani and Volta. He too possessed an active interest in science but only as an aid to Napoleon. He little imagined on examining Volta's crude battery that its effect on later civilization would be fully as profound as that of his own dynamic personality.

The effects of the work of Galvani and Volta may be traced through a hundred years of electrical development even to the latest discoveries made in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company.

General Electric
General Office Company Schenectady, N.Y.

95-635 D

HERMANN
STEIN-BLOCH SMART CLOTHES
THE CLOTHIER

featuring a shirt
popular with college men



Gordon
an ARROW
SHIRT

is well made and good fitting. It is of a sturdy, pure and permanently white Oxford that will serve you well ~ ~

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Golf Hose

Silk Hose

Sporster Hats

Sport Sweaters

4 Piece Suits

Bat Wing Ties

Wing Collars

"A man's footmarks on the roadway are called footprints, aren't they?"

"Yes."

"Well, what would you call the marks of a motor car?"

"Autographs, simple one."—Chaparral.

THE FLAMINGO

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Vol. IV

JUNE, 1923

No. 3

New Spring Shoe Styles

On Display in
Our Store

Chas. O. Eagle & Son

In the Arcade

Newark, Ohio

"Where the Best is Found"

The gift your friends enjoy

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This shoe is guaranteed one hundred percent solid leather, color dark tan, bellows tongue, dirt and waterproof. The actual value of this shoe is \$6.00. Owing to this tremendous buy we can offer same to the public at \$2.95.

Send correct size. Pay postman on delivery or send money with order. If shoes are not as represented we will cheerfully refund your money promptly upon request.

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Fifth Avenue's Favorite Pipe

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\$3.50 and up
at the better
smoke shops

WM. DEMUTH & Co.
NEW YORK

Kuster's

Restaurants and Bakery

Newark: Arcade Annex

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A profusion of coloring and artistic effects—that is the only way to describe the new dresses. Come and see them for yourself—the days are just about here, when you will want to wear a handsome dress without cape or coat, and the best time to select it is now when you can choose from large and varied assortments of

HANDSOME SILK AND WASH FROCKS

Stylish sport dresses and afternoon frocks are designed from many beautiful silks, in plain colors, striking plaids and stripes or combinations of plain and fancy materials.

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of fine voile, swiss, linens, crepes, ratine, gingham and other desirable fabrics have arrived in large quantities and remind one that the days of summer dresses are about here.

The W. H. Mazey Company

Newark, Ohio

When you are hot and dusty you can
get a cool, refreshing
Drink

—AT—

SMITH & STONE'S

Phone 8216

Granville, Ohio

The Denison Flamingo



Volume 4

Number 3



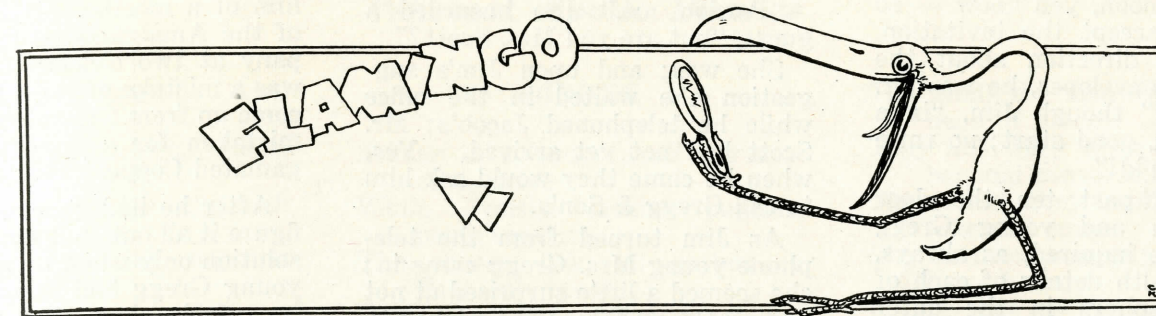
LILAC LANE

Oh who will walk at tiffin time
Down Lilac Lane with me,
To watch the moon rise over the
hill
Behind the locust tree?

You must follow your shadow
across the lawn
To the gate in the hawthorn
hedge;
And take the path thru the daisy
field
Till you come to the greenwood's
edge.

And there in the twilight thru the
trees
A thrush will call again,
Till you pass thru the old gray
turnstile
That leads to Lilac Lane.

There's elfin music there to hear,
And magic sights to see;
If you will walk at tiffin time
Down Lilac Lane with me.



A Humorous and Literary Magazine of Denison University, Granville, Ohio.

CUPID AND FORTUNA

All there was to it, Jim Deming had to get a raise. He thought it over, soberly, on the down-town car. But the trouble was, where would the raise come from? Gregg had refused him twice; the bully! He well deserved a raise, and the rest of the force knew it. Molly, the chief stenog.; Dick Richards, the shipping clerk, and oh! all of 'em had told him so. But Gregg had him — work was scarce, and every day or so one or two job hunters would turn up at the office. Yep, Gregg had him. Better wait; maybe some time a good opening would crop up with Jones Brothers across the street; they seemed a coming firm; not so old and well-established as Gregg & Son, though. Perhaps it would be best to hang on; he knew Gregg & Son's business; knew it better than old Gregg himself, who played golf somewhere all day, dropping in at the office about twice a week. And young Gregg—rats on him! All he came to the office every day for was to flirt with the powdered little stenographers. What did he know about the envelope business? Not a darn thing. Knew how to take the little stenos out riding in his sportster, though, and to lunch at Jacob's, where they had chinese screened alcoves — the simpering snuggle puppy! And his wife was a peach of a woman, too, not like him at all; more like Rose.

Quite like Rose; but even then, Rose had her beat a mile; Rose had all of 'em beat a mile! And he, Jim, couldn't marry her because he couldn't get a raise from young Gregg. And there you are. No raise, no wedding bells.

He swung off the car at 3rd and Main and dived into the building. (Try it on your piano if you want to be that crabby.) There was quite a crowd in the lobby, as usual — there really weren't enough elevators, anyway—waiting to be whisked up into the labyrinthine hights of the lofty building. Tallest in the city, it was. It was the usual crowd of employers and employees, jammed together, conversing in crisp monosyllables, or jabbering away regardless of whether anyone listened or not; and with an instant forgetfulness of his troubles Jim elbowed his way to the stairs. Never used the elevator in the morning; the climb was good for his wind. He had heard Morgan, of the trust company on the eighth floor, say that one afternoon, and so he had "laid off" the morning trip up immediately. Watch the really big men; act like them; you'll grow big yourself. That was his motto, if you could call it such.

At the foot of the stairs a man of about his own age stood gazing anxiously at the throng around him. He was a stranger to Jim, who knew the faces of pretty nearly all the migratory inhabitants of the Gas Building; and he stood right in his way. Jim grinned understandingly at him as he passed. "Some mob, aint it?"

"Yes sir, it — it's some mob. Reckon I never saw so many people so anxious to get to work before!" the stranger replied in a slow drawling voice. Talking seemed to make him feel more sure of himself, for he went on, "Say, don't reckon you happen to know where

the Roger & Smith Envelope Company is located, do you? One o' your cops told me it was in here, but I'll be gosh-dinged if I can find it!" And he waved an explanatory hand at the huge directory of the building on the wall behind him.

"Why, they're not in this building; they're in the First National, across the street." Jim was on the point of going on up the stairs, when he had an idea, and turned. "Say, you aren't a customer of theirs, are you?" He did not think until after he had said it, how rude it was.

"Nope!" the stranger replied; "that is, not yet; but I've got to get a bunch of envelopes from somewhere, and I saw their ad in the Green County Republican. Much obliged!" And he started across the lobby.

"Well, say!" pursued Jim, "I sell envelopes! The Gregg company, you know." He laid a friendly hand on his arm. "You're my customer by rights, anyway; I found you!" he added, giving a gentle pull toward the elevator.

They went up to the office. His captive gave his name as K. R. Scott, of the New Ideal Box Company. Needed lots of envelopes; new firm, but a dandy idea in advertising, see? He had one with him. And stationery, too; didn't have any of that yet, either.

Jim landed the order—a whopper—and of course asked him to lunch. But no; Scott's wife—"just got her, you see!" he said, laughing happily—was in the city too; shopping somewhere or other this morning; going to meet at

Jacob's for lunch — a high-price place, but they were taking a little flyer; honeymoon, you know — so he couldn't accept the invitation. With a last direction about the label on the envelopes, he was off. "Lucky dog!" though Jim, "in a new business, good start; no raise to bother Cupid!"

About half-past ten the door banged open and young Gregg came in. He inquired, as always, after the health details of each of the stenographers in the outer office, and then breezed in to where Jim was conferring with the advertising manager, and with a curt nod to the two settled down at his desk of mirror-finish mahogany. When the manager left, Jim showed him the large order from the New Ideal company.

It was a big order; bigger than any of the salesmen had taken since the younger Gregg had taken charge; and Jim Deming thought the time fitting for another question about that raise. Gregg hailed the order gaily, but returned the usual "I'll see what can be done for you" to the request for a raise.

Jim went back to his desk with the mood of the early morning heavy upon him. What the devil use was it to stick around? What did they want him to do for a raise, anyhow? Run the whole dang works? He had counted that raise cinched from the moment Scott had signed the order sheet; and now—Great Hat! Disgusted, he bent over the letters on his desk.

Gregg pushed his buzzer, and sent for a stenographer. She came in, drooping in an affected little slouch, and posed sickeningly while she took his letter, which was brief and unimportant. She sat very close to him, glancing up side-wise out of her eyes. And she had her reward. At the conclusion of the dictation Gregg covered her hand with his and suggested lunch at Jacob's, to which she consented in a syrupy voice. Jim grabbed his hat and went out for a bite at the cafeteria around the corner.

As he stepped from the elevator on his return, a young lady, becomingly dressed and very good-looking, but evidently much confused, confronted him.

"I was told that Jacob's was up here," she ventured, "but—I guess—is this the Mutual Building?"

"Oh, no! This is the Gas Building. The Mutual is a block down the street. You got the right floor, all right, but the wrong building!"

"Thank you so much!" She moved toward the elevator.

"Pardon me," Jim hazarded a guess, "but are you Mrs. Scott?"

She was; and upon Jim's suggestion she waited in the office while he telephoned Jacob's; Mr. Scott had not yet arrived. Yes, when he came they would ask him to call Gregg & Son's.

As Jim turned from the telephone young Mrs. Gregg came in; she seemed a little surprised at not finding Gregg there; she wished to lunch with him — "just for fun," she would wait. He introduced the two, and they were soon chatting about the latest in Egyptian styles.

The phone rang; it was Gregg. He had been told to call the office; was something wrong?

"Not at all," said Jim; "Mrs. Gregg is waiting here for you—"

"I'll be right up," interrupted Gregg, and slammed the receiver.

Jim explained to Mrs. Gregg that her husband was coming, and had just taken up some memoranda left on his desk while at lunch, when Mr. Scott came in. He wanted to make a small change in the return address form, and had stopped in on his way to Jacob's; he was agreeable surprised to find his wife there, thanked Jim, and the two departed.

They had hardly left when Mr. Gregg arrived, somewhat breathless, and departed with his wife also, giving Jim a wink as he closed the door. Who told Gregg to call the office? Why in thunder did he wink at him? Jim shrugged his shoulders and gave it up.

In the middle of the afternoon Gregg returned.

"Jim," he said, "here's an order to the treasurer to raise your pay to what you asked for. And thanks for helping me out of that little hole this morning; if my wife had caught me coming back from Jacob's with Bessie, I'd be single again in a week!"

"Why, I didn't—"

"That's all right, that's all right! I appreciate it; you're a good sport!"

And Jim, grateful for the raise regardless of how the miracle happened, said no more about it.

Several days later, Scott dropped in at the office again. He was leaving in the afternoon; wanted to see how the envelopes were turning out. And say — you know that time they went to Jacob's? Well, when he gave the head usher his

name for his reserved table, the fellow handed him a note telling him of a meeting of the directors of the Amalgamated Copper Company at two o'clock—of course it was a mistake of some kind, but to come up from Green County and be mistaken for a director of Amalgamated Copper! Pretty good, eh?

After he had gone, Jim tried to figure it all out; but he reached the solution only when he recalled that young Gregg had become a director of Amalgamated Copper the week before.

"Cupid," he told Rose the next day, "is a pretty bright little scamp, but now and then Fortuna has to help him out!"

—William Green

OUR IDEA OF POETRY

(After hearing Mr. Sandburg.)

Poetry is the result of the
Ravings of an unbalanced mind
Whose single track is traversed
By one lone, flat-wheeled car
Trimmed with dying flowers.

It tells in words in the mother
tongue

The joys on the inside of the moon,
The music in the voices of fishes,
The wisdom in the song of the loon,
And the nourishment in angels'
dishes.

There is related the taste of a
bubble,

The ghost of a kiss that haunts
you,

The price of a planet, the joy of
trouble,

And the thing called "love" that
taunts you;

The strength of the hum of a busy
bee,

The colors of jelly fishes' eyes,
The content and joy of a bird not
free,

And then the language of butter-
flies.

Thus poetry goes on and on,
Just like a river to the sea

To be swallowed up, sooner or later,
By 'most any kind of fish,

Or carried away down that single
track

On the car filled with dead, dead
flowers.

If the anonymous author of the above will impart to the editor his or her true personal appellation, we will present him with a genuine engraved moon beam. (And if it's a girl, how about a date?)

Whereat Apollo Blushes

DINNER

Sedans in splendor snail the spacious drive
While liveried lackies pageant pomp contrive.
The chosen few, all garbed in Fashion's boast,
With bows and smiles, touch fingers with the host.
When all are placed at gorgeous cushions there,
They slightly bend and droop down on the chair.
O'er half the earth has lavish splendor poured
In wealth and skill to decorate the board!
In dress, the butler moves to serve the spread,
Or slowly glides to place the glass of red.
With style they nibble wafers, sip at tea,
And treat of all that they could hear or see;
They chat from music, mirth, and all the Arts,
To life and love, and joy and broken hearts.
From jewels, gems, and books, to travels wide,
From wealth and ease to friends and worlds beside!
The air is pure with scents of flower bloom
That mingles lightly with a rare perfume.
The courses touched, we slowly then arise
With dainty steps of grace. (Feigned in disguise!)
And down those fields of costly plush we roam—
A place more like a palace than a home!

A motley mob of men and men and men!
They crowd the walk and cram the dingy den,
The narrow doorway creaks and strains and groans.
They press and pack and shuffle o'er the stones.
The tall, the short, the fat, the thin, the weak,
The strong, the bright, the dull, the crude, the sleek;
In overalls, in shirts and pants, or suits;
In tatters, rags, and toe-burst shoes and boots;
With felts and caps and straws, while some are bare;

The bald, the sparse, the shocky head of hair.
They talk, they whisper, they jabber and converse,
They scold, they laugh, agree and joke and curse.
O'er battered boards a score of lectures heard;
I hear, but do not understand a word!
The smells of onions, pork, spaghetti, cheese and beans,
And grease and smoke arise behind the screens,
And vie with smells of grime and oil and sweat,
Tobacco, filth and fish—the ranker yet!
Rye bread on tables bare and mounted high
At once melts down, with soup, the meat, and pie.
The bread is bit and yanked off at the face;
The meal is swallowed sans the thought of grace.
The lips are licked, the liquor quickly drawn,
The room is empty, and the mob is gone!
—C. K., '23.

FLAT ROCK

Sometime, somewhere, in this life of ours,
'Twixt the nighttime and the dawn,
'Midst the gains of life and the pains of life
That ever go on and on—
Sometime, somewhere, midst our earthly cares,
Our joys, our hopes, our fear,
There comes to us all a moment
When our doubts are all made clear.

Away from my trials, my troubles and cares,
From the heat of a city bock,
I roamed to the spot I had loved so long,
My favorite old Flat Rock.
And I sat 'neath the shade of the woodland trees,
That bordered my fairy dell,
Till I watched the stars in the blue sky creep
As the evening shadows fell.

My mind was vexed, and my heart was sore
As I pondered there alone,
While the streamlet dashed, and the water splashed
As it fell 'neath my large, white

LADY FIR

Lady Fir in my dreams comes stealing this night,
In my shadowy dreams, my wistful dreams—
On tiptoe she trembles, eager to dance
Like a princess of old in faraway France;
Like a princess she sways with murmur and sigh,
Of a time that is golden, a day gone by.
Till comes the whisper of a voice in the night—
"Be true to her,
My Lady Fir."

In the clear light of morning, only a tree
Stands forth, and her words are not words to me,
And her face, shadow, sweet, is not to be seen
Among the feathery, feathery leaves so green.
But I know she is there, by the sun kept in prison
And waiting in silence till the stars have risen.

For Lady Fir in my dreams comes stealing this night,
In my shadowy dreams, my wistful dreams—
She is never at rest, but is longing to be
In a place which no mortal will ever see.
Then a silence heart deep lies over the land
And out from the dark gleams forth a white hand.
While comes the whisper of a voice in the night—
"Be true to her,
My Lady Fir."

—R. S.

LIFE

Life's a green moth gaily playing,
On the dewy blossoms swaying,
Spending with no thought of paying.

Life's a black stream swiftly flowing,
Thru strange channels onward going,
Always asking, never knowing.

Life's a white star softly falling,
In the clasp of Night enthralling,
Still unanswered, calling, calling.

—V.

stone.
But all in a moment, across my
soul,
There swept a wave of light—
And my doubts were gone, and my
cares were gone—
I was made to see aright.

I saw that this world, which seems
complex,
Has really a simple plan;
For God is good, and the world is
good—
Just be true to yourself and Man.
Be true to the best within yourself,
Be true to the Father above,
For joy and happiness both are
found
In the Service born of Love.

And so I say, in this life of ours,
'Twixt the nighttime and the dawn,
'Midst the gains of life, and the
pains of life,
That ever go on and on—
Sometime, somewhere, 'midst our
earthly cares,
Our joys, our hopes, our fear,
There comes to us all a moment
When our doubts are all made
clear.
—D. W., '23.

A TRYST

Burret Mills Salt Creek

I stood where my forefathers stood
A full hundred years ago—
The scenes they had loved were
mirrored
And flashed in the stream's swift
flow;
Their home fields were lying anear;
In them, the whispering corn
Told me of times that had been
long,
Long years before I was born.

The sycamores stood there like
ghosts
Stretching great arms overhead,
While, like the shafts of white
marble
Recording deeds of the dead,
The elm trees bent, as if list'ning
Bending as one bends who hears
The hail, and the answering echo,
Out of a long-buried year.

The road they had traveled wound
by,
A ribbon of tawny tinge;
Bramble and brier and bush hung
Over its edge like a fringe.
My kindred came wandering back,
Back to the sycamore tree;
They came from their low, myrtled
graves
To keep there a tryst with me.

For I, I was part of their lives—
Heir to their joys and their pain;
All the long past, and the present,
Are but the links of a chain
Forged by that swift-flowing
stream and
Wrought 'mongst those strong,
steadfast hills
To stretch on and on through the
years,
Binding life's good, and its ills.
—Emma B.

SONG

Oh, I'm terribly smitten in love,
To the best man on earth I am
true,
But to win him my glove—by the
heavens above,
And to get this young maid—he
must woo.

I too am quite smitten in love,
To the fairest of maids I am
true,
But it oft has been said that you
can't get a maid
To return love—so what shall I
do?

Chorus
If I were a man half so brave,
If I were a maid half so fair,
I would call her my Dove
I would return his love.
It's agreed—so that settles it there!
—C. K.

PERCIVAL

If you would be always right,
Follow Percival.
If you would not look a fright,
Follow Percival.
If A's you'd get and never flunk,
If in the blues you'd n'er be sunk,
Follow Percival.

If you would avoid a fight,
Follow Percival.
If a perfect not you'd right,
Follow Percival.
But if a girl you wish to win
And make her heart with rapture
spin,
'Neath silvery moon, 'twould be a
sin
To follow Percival.
—D. W., '23.



*Oh, the words of youth are earnest,
And the dreams of youth are long—
Will those words and dreams still bind us,
When the fight of life is strong?*

*Oh, the lips of youth are eager,
That the heart of youth calls through—
When the fire of youth has vanished,
Will the lips and heart be true?*
W. G. M.

HINTS ON VACATION ETIQUETTE

Visiting in the City

Case I—When No One Meets You

1. On leaving the train, dash
away with a business-like air. Con-
tinue to dash until you have out-
distanced the individual with whom
you shared your seat. Register
extreme ease in handling all grips
up to 500 pounds—this discourages
bothersome porters.

2. Draw up at the nearest street
corner and deposit your grips. If
perspiring, draw handkerchief and
pat brow gently—never mop.

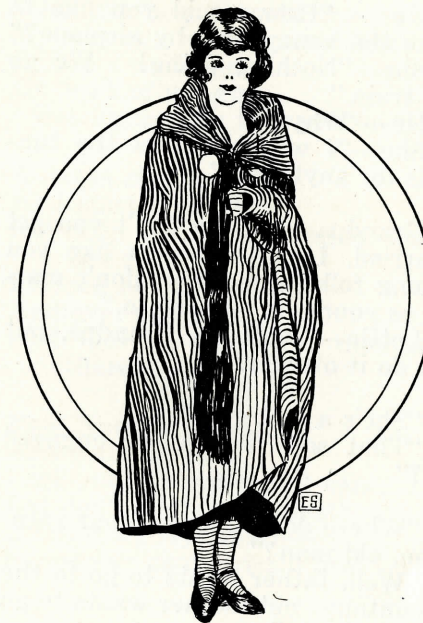
3. Extract a cigarette and in-
hale it with an air of ennui (for
ladies, a judicious use of the pow-
der puff may prove more practic-
able.) If you've forgotten which
car to take, refer to notebook, at
the same time covering the move
by jotting down a casual note or
two of important business hunches
just conceived.

4. While finishing the cigarette
in an attitude of careless repose,
glance quickly at the street sign—
don't gawk.

5. Having ascertained that it is
the wrong street, subdue any im-
pulse to inquire, and start walking.
In due time, by elimination, you'll
find it.

6. The next objective is the
street car. Wait for it on either
corner. When it stops at the other
corner, keep cool. Glance im-

patiently at your watch, look up
the street, then step over as
though deciding not to wait for a
taxi, with a car so handy. Step
briskly, but don't rush precipitate-
ly. Travelling bags create a dis-
agreeable impression of confusion
by bumping about the knees when
a galloping or hopping gait is at-
tempted.



There aint no girl like my girl;
I don't wish her no harm,
But I wish she wouldn't wear a
cape,
So I could hold her arm.

Professor of English 1/2—"Mr.
Brown, give me a declarative sen-
tence."

Brown—"The student takes an
examination."

Prof.—"Good. Now give me the
same sentence in the imperative
form."

Brown—"Throw a line."

"What are you going to do this
summer?"

"Oh, I have a job waiting for me
in father's office. What are you
going to do?"

"Don't think I'll work much,
either."

7. Note carefully the amount of
fare being deposited, and put yours
in with a careless flourish.

8. In navigating the aisle, if you
knock down a passenger or two,
never appear apologetic—it places
you at a disadvantage. Practice
an air of superiority. Flash your
collegiately plastered grip on the
victim and he'll forget his troubles.
But first make sure that no shirt
tails, etc., are protruding—they
detract from the advertising value
of the labels.

9. If the conductor fails to call
the stops, extreme caution must be
exercised. A newspaper is sug-
gested as an excellent mask for ob-
servation activities. When you see
your street flash past, lazily cast
the paper aside, stretch a bit,
glance out of the window, and then,
at the earliest moment consistent
with deliberateness, press the but-
ton. This can often be done with-
in the next five or six blocks.

10. Upon alighting, tarry until
all witnesses are out of sight be-
fore doubling back to your destin-
ation.

11. Your host will probably
greet you with a facetious remark
about "Welcome to our city." Be
prepared with some snappy retort
about his health or the weather,
catchingly phrased.

A Scotchman, a Frenchman and
an Irishman agreed that, upon the
coffin of the one of them who died
first, each of the others should
leave one hundred dollars. The
Frenchie was the first to go, and
the Irishman met the Scotchman
several days later.

"Well," said he, "and so poor
Jacques is gone! And did ye lave
yure hundred on his box? Oi put
moine there the morning of his
funeral."

"Yes, Mike," replied the Scot;
"I came in the afternoon, wrote a
check for two hundred, and took
your hundred in change."

English Duchess—"I can't see
how our young noblemen fall for
the white faces of you American
girls."

American Heiress—"It's not our
white faces they fall for; it's our
greenbacks."

TO THE SENIORS

(Apologies to James Whitcomb.)

Nothin' to say, my chil'ern! Nothin' at all to say!—
Denison seniors, I've noticed, gingerly has their way!
The alumni did, afore you — et comes to you honest, I guess—
Tho' why you should want to be goin' is a mystery, I confess.

You're a lot like the other seniors—
purty much same in size—
And you've grown adept at bluffin',
and talkin' with your eyes.
Like them too, about leavin' here—
they jest wouldn't stay.
I dread most awful to lose you, but
I hain't got nothin' to say.

They left you their profs and
teachers, to aid you on your way—
And left their notebooks fer you, to
help along each day.

Four years I've groomed and
guarded 'em, but ef you're
goin' away—
Nothin' to say, my chil'ern! Nothin'
at all to say!

You won't fergit them, I'm hopin',
nor the ones you're leavin'
behind—

It's always a blessin' chil'ren, to
be keepin' 'em in mind.

And Commencement's June thirtieth,
and you want to leave
that day?

I wish those alumni could see you—
but — I hain't got nothin' to
say!

Four years! and better chil'ern
Alma Mater never knew.

There's a great work in this old
world jest a-waitin' fer some
o' you.

The others stayed jest four short
years, and they all went away,
Nothin' to say, my chil'ern. Nothin'
at all to say!

I'll be hearin' from you often, and
weepin' o'er your cares—

And a gloryin' in your triumphs as
I learn of your affairs.

And we'll meet again, my chil'ern,
at the partin' of the way—

Where there'll be "Nothin' to say,
my chil'ern. Nothin' at all to
say."
—D. W., '23.

RUN, BOY, RUN!

"Come on, Betty, cheer! We've
got a man on every base now!"

"Calm yourself, George. That's
nothing; they have too!"

Sophomore (with that sophomore air)—"Down where I come from, they hang guys like you side by side with a jackass!"

Freshman (with the old recovery)—"Gee! It's lucky for both of us that we're not there now!"

"Why don't they deepen Racoon Creek?"

"Why, don't you know, the Pan Hell has abolished paddling."

He — "How would you like to take the honeymoon by airplane?"

She—"Nothing doing! We go by train."

He—"Why?"

She—"I wouldn't miss the tunnels for anything!"

Grandpa — "Why don't you get married, Lottie? Seems like you young folks now-a-days don't marry as young as we used to."

Lottie—"Well, no, Grandpa, but we do it oftener."

"She's a fast girl!"

"That so? Who's she engaged to?"

"Where do you spend your vacation, old man?"

"Well, father wants to go to the mountains, but mother wants to go to the beach."

"Where can I reach you by letter?"

"Oh, at the beach."

"I've had four dates with two different girls this week."

"Yeh."

"And I've got exactly thirty cents left."

"Well?"

"Nothing. But there aint no such animal as 'free love,' my son!"

Be good and you'll be happy—
alone.

There are various ways of scheming,
Both early at night and late,
But this latest one sure knocks
them all

The notorious Barber Shop Date.

A frozen Sucker is a poor guy
that some girl has exposed a cold
shoulder to after having used him
to win back the fellow she really
wants.

The man with long hair walked
briskly into the Insurance Office.

"Say," he asked of the office boy,
"do you insure the immortal soul?"

"Sure!" was the comeback;
"here's one of our best fire policies!"

Scene—The front hall.

Time—Early, oh so early, in the morning.

Characters — He 'n She (after five years of the matrimonial voyage.)

Action — Door squeaks breathlessly; She poises a rolling pin; He quietly slips into the hall, gently tipping over the umbrella stand, goldfish bowl, and card table. She speaks from the head of the stairs:

"John, is that you?"

He (for the first time daring to talk back)—"Yes, dear; who else were you expecting at four o'clock in the morning?"

Prof.—"Don't you get my point? You cannot add things that are unlike. What result would you get if you tried to add four peaches, three oranges, and two bananas?"

Reckless — "Fruit salad, I suppose."

"You told me that man was a musician; why, he can't play a note!"

"I said he was a composer of heirs."

"Well—"

"He makes soothing syrup."

Si Carter's father died, leaving an estate of some \$20,000. Si was the executor, and was soon swamped with a multitude of technicalities, legal details, and a few law-suits. He became very worried in appearance. One of the neighbors, noticing this, remarked upon it to him.

"Yes," he replied dejectedly, "I have to run to the court house every other minute; I'm pestered to death. I almost wish my father hadn't died."

"If you had just twenty-four more hours to live, how would you spend them?"

"One at a time."

There was just one couple on the bus from Newark, and it was a night—well, a spring night. The bus driver suddenly slowed down.

"What are you stopping here for?" asked the young man.

"The lady said 'stop,'" he replied.

"Never mind; she wasn't talking to you."



"Oh, what a cute little dolly! Does she say 'mama' when you squeeze her?"

"Naw! My dolly's a modern doll! She says 'Oh boy!' when you squeeze her."

GRANVILLE AT NIGHT

(Inspired by Carl Sandburg.)

The soft breezes of Buckeye Lake
take you in their arms,
Oh, little hamlet in the hills!
The trees, with their hundreds of
muscle arms shake

Their gloomy frowns in cadence
In tune with the great regular
breathing of the sleeping town.
Pins dropped would sound as clashing
cymbals!

The thick silence is broken by the
occasional thud

Of a falling star,
And the regular click of the night
watchman's flashlight
As its soft gray eyes glance up and
whisper

To the town clock—
"Have you got the time?"

All is black, black — Night has
spilled her ink-bottle.

The buildings are draped in mourning.

It is some night!
Hopeful youths reeking with too
much hair grease

Offer to their little "bright eyes"
A life meal ticket.

Some are punched on the spot.
Ah, she says no! Keep your shirt
on!

The sun and the stars and the
birds, they know!

It'll all come out in the wash!

—G. W., '26.

ROUGH STUFF

I went to the West
For a long needed rest
And I purchased a rifle out there.
I entered a wood
And suddenly stood
Face to face with a grizzly bear!

I thought what I could
But stock still I stood,
My hat on the end of my hair.
My eyes most popped out
And my knees knocked about
While my hands dangled wild in
mid-air.

I don't know just why
When for help I would cry
My sonorous voice wasn't there.
Before I could run
Or think of my gun
I was hugged by that grizzly bear.

A dozen ribs broke
As I started to croak
But with presence of mind, quick
and rare,
I kissed her brown lips
And over she tips
And dies on the spot, then and
there!

Now Nora, my dear,
As we sit out here,
I tell you it's not that I care,
But don't cause your death
By choking my breath—
Remember that grizzly bear!

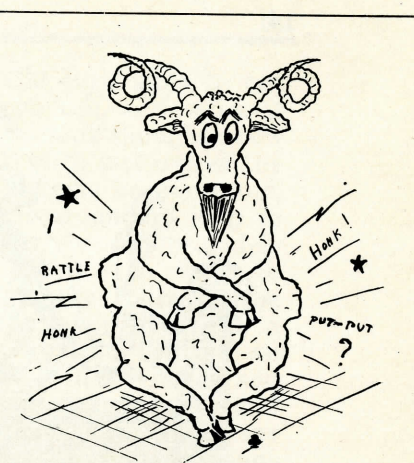
—C. K.

"Know anything about Elsie?"
"Yes, but I promised not to tell
it."



"How do you like our new chapel
on the hill?"

"It looks like just a frame-up
to me."



Dear Doc Wysecrax:
Our dear Billy has just
eaten the Ford. What shall
we do?

Minnie Mum.

Dear Minnie:
I am sending the "Automobile Digest" immediately.

Doc.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER

I love the pathway thru the woods,
That leads thru open fields to
stiles;
I love the view across the hills—
The broken skyline, miles on
miles.

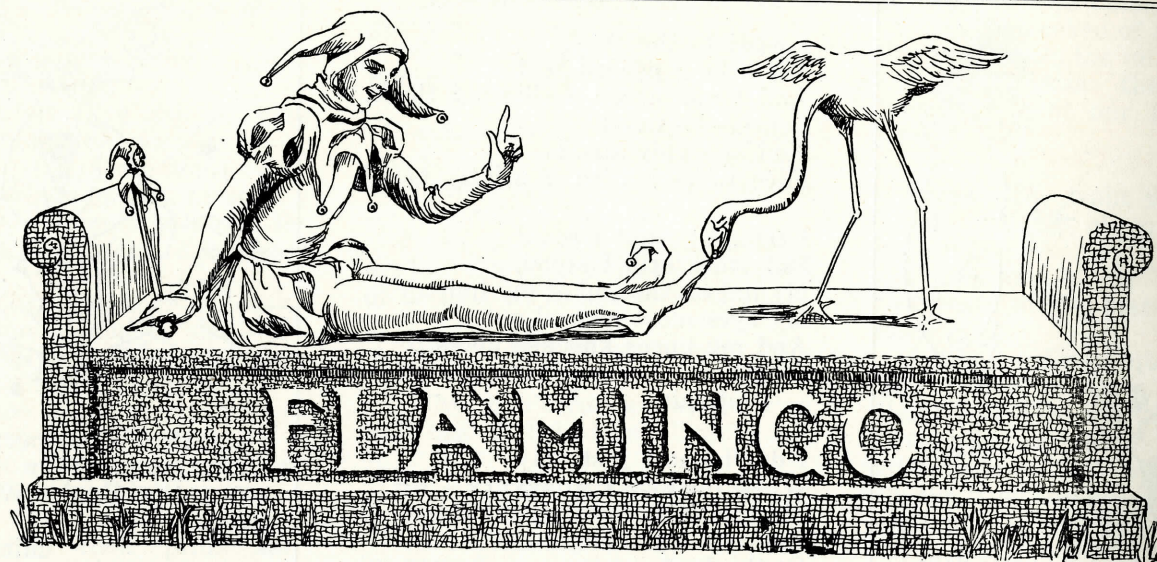
The winding creek that gleams
with stars;
The myrtle banks beside the rill;
They are the echoes of a life
That calls and calls against my
will.

That pathway—where we schemed
each night
One spring, until they shipped
you home—
Those giant hills, so spooky-dark
To preps, a-digging in the loam.

That cold, deep creek, whose flow-
ery banks
Mock at the freshman's watery
fate;
Why do I dote upon them so?
Because I am a graduate!

Mrs. — "I must dress at once,
dear. The Browns are coming this
evening to make us a visit. Should
I put on the percolator?"

Mr. — "Don't bother, you're
dressed good enough the way you
are."



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Two Dollars the Year.

Twenty-five Cents the Copy.

HELLO, OLD "DON'T-YOU-REMEMBER-WHEN" S!

The Mystic Bird holds out a friendly claw in greeting to the Alumni. He likes to see the Campus over run with a mob of folks that have got pep and aren't afraid to show it. He likes to hear about the good old days when they swiped the street signs from Alexandria, and fixed the bucket of water over the Trustee's door. We strongly suspect, though, that Denison lost another million in that foolish and disgraceful trick! But what is a million dollars between friends? We forgive you. And the day we



tied State in football—you know, we are going to try that again next fall; just watch the papers!

We don't think that we are so terribly slow, either; did you hear about our football record last fall? Our winning the Conference Basketball Championship last winter? Know how we came out in debate this spring? And have you looked over the recent track scores? We've been breaking some of the records you made, old "Times-Aint-What-They-Used-To-Was!"

Yep, the Mystic Bird is mighty glad to see you all back again! What's that? We ain't been introduced? Surely we must have met at the General Jam! Don't you know the old Mystic Bird? Well, sir, he's a sort of a peculiar critter; long-legged and awkward and not much to look at, but he's got a pretty good old heart, and he's as funny as a crutch. He's a college comic, eh? One of those vile, sinful, obscene creatures of the literary underworld? Don't make me laugh — read a copy and we'll make you laugh. Why, we're so deodorized that we're in constant fear of being mistaken for a Sunday school quarterly.

Tell you what—the Old Bird aims to get all the fun out of college life, and write it down, along with some serious thoughts now and then, and decorate it with pictures of the winning athletic team, campus beauty spots, and the like, and send it around to you, to bring back to you your own brimming undergraduate days, and bind you even closer to Denison. He'd like awfully much to be friends with you — won't you give him a chance? Just slip a two dollar bill in an envelope with your address on the inside and "Flamingo, Granville," on the outside, and the Mystic Bird will warm your heart nine times in the college year with the glorious Denison Spirit!

THE BEST OF FRIENDS MUST CRY

down each others' coat collars once, and the Mystic Bird has such a wide circle of friends among the Seniors that its lachrymal glands would be ruined if it wept with each one individually; so, members of the worthy class of '23, if you will gather around the banks of Raccoon Creek where drainage is good, we will weep a few farewell weeps together. In the weary months of next semester we shall miss the joy of your faces; no more will we surprise you making the most of the fleeting time to press your suits at Cupid's shop, and blushingly retire, leaving you in sole possession of the more secluded portions of the campus; no more will we gaze at your haughty dignity in the front chapel seats; no more will we be saved from sin and ignorance by your precious advice — ah! What shall we do without you? Sad is our lot and mournful our fate! But we will try—we will try—to go on as before.

And we wish you the best of luck as you launch out for new successes on the sea of life. If your crew numbers two, we trust that you may never take on as extra pas-

senger a young woman, dark, and rather stern-faced, known as Miss Fortune — her name may look all right on the ship's roll, but take it the way it sounds, not the way it looks. And may your course be always over calm and fragrant southern seas, where the Ice-bbergs, sometimes called bill collectors, never chill the waters; but beware of the Typhoons of Little Squabbles. And if you are sailing your boat alone, we wish you fair breezes and good fishing; may your nets creak with the load of Gold fish and Silver fins. But be careful—some day a little fellow without much in the way of Hart Schaffner and Marx decoration on him, and carrying harmless-looking set of bows and arrows, may hail you from the shore; then, be ever so wary! For when he has inveigled you into giving him a ride, he will shoot you with one of those play-things, and the wound will be so painful that no longer can you bear the tossing and loneliness of the small boat, and you will have to get a larger craft and add another to your crew.

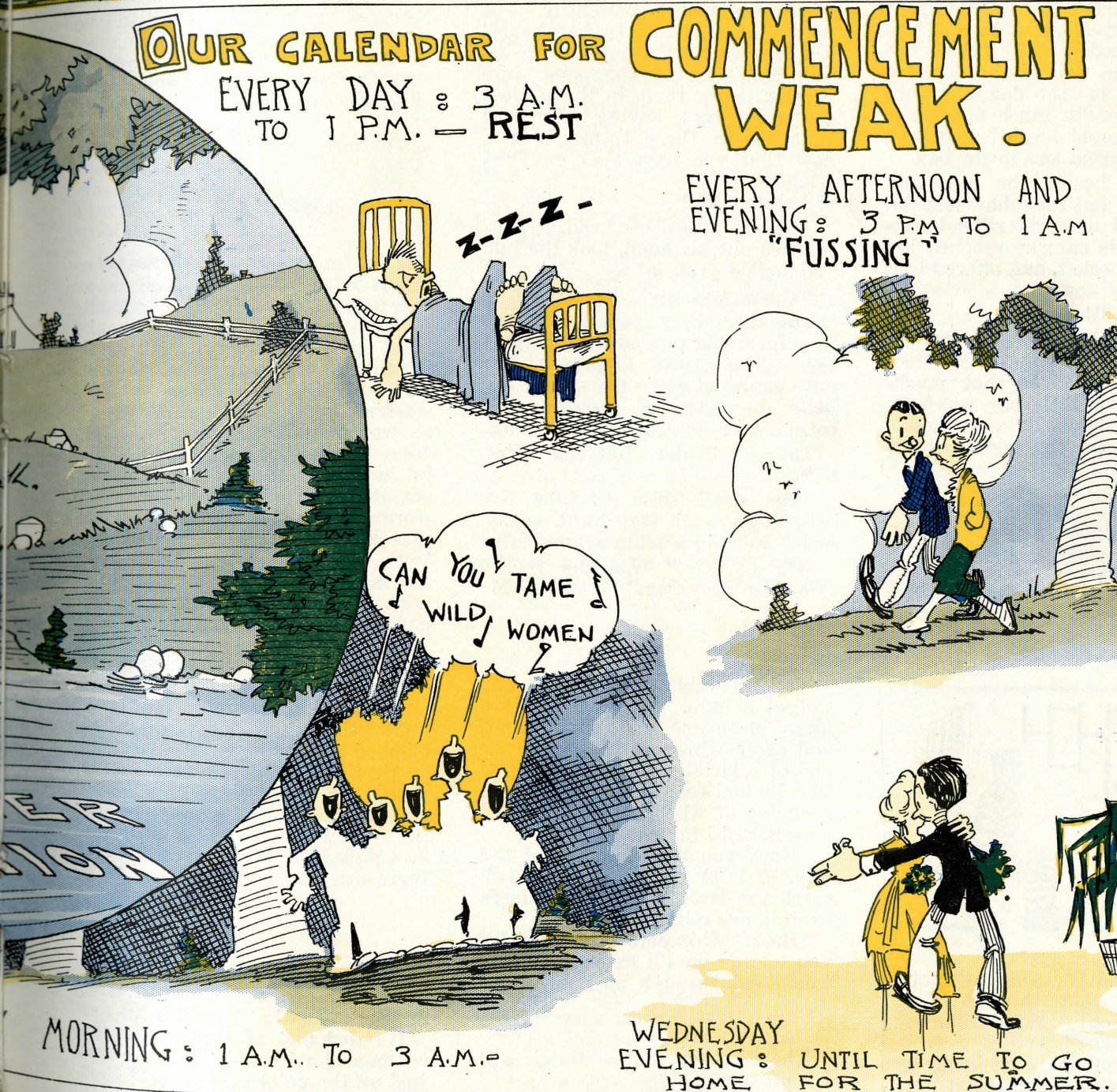
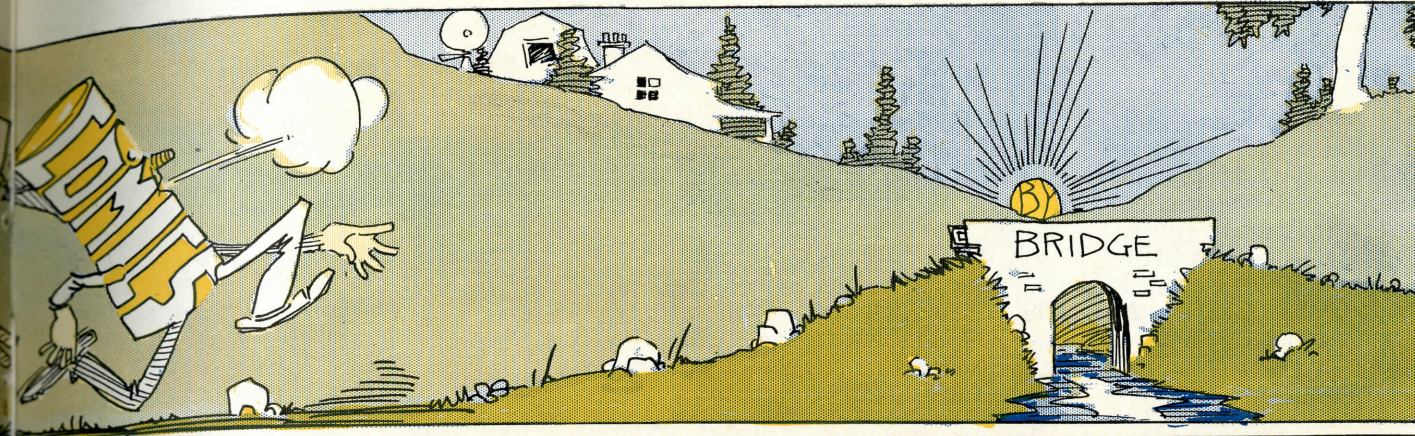
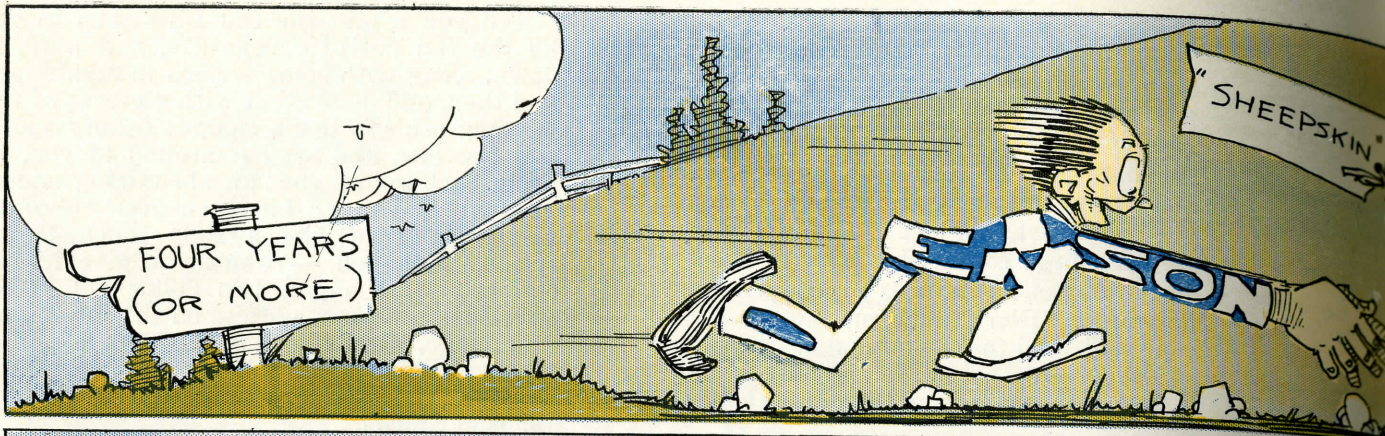
Bon voyage!

IN THE ROLL OF THE BIRD'S KEEPERS

on the opposite page, you will notice a number of familiar names with the numerals "23" following them. This editorial is addressed to them. The rest of you can overhear it if you want to.

The Old Bird is going to miss you, wearers of the silver "F;" and he's just conceited enough to think that you'll miss him; just a little bit, anyway. Won't the days seem lonesome and endless with nobody chasing after you wanting to know where Nell's your copy for the next flock of Little Birds? If they get that way, try sitting down at the old easel or desk and grind out a little food for the Fowl; he'll welcome it gladly. And

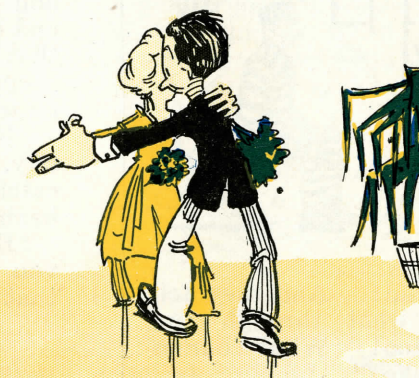
he wants to thank you each one, before all this throng of listeners, for the care you have given him in the past. There is one fellow whose name isn't on the roll now — the Keeper of the Pen before the present Flunkie dared take it up; he did a good job, and we wish him luck. Write the Old Bird a line once in a while — now and then he gets to musing about the hands that groomed him in the years before, and then callously turned to other tasks; keep up your friendship with him! He isn't ashamed of it—not by a long shot! He knows that what there is of fame and honor in the World Beyond His Corral, you who have associated with him will amass to yourselves. Good-bye, and good-luck!



OUR CALENDAR FOR COMMENCEMENT WEAK.

EVERY DAY : 3 A.M. TO 1 P.M. - REST

EVERY AFTERNOON AND EVENING : 3 P.M. TO 1 A.M. "FUSSING"



EVERY MORNING : 1 A.M. TO 3 A.M.

WEDNESDAY EVENING : UNTIL TIME TO GO HOME FOR THE SUMMER.

A DOLLAR BILL

There was a yelp of terror and the shriek of brakes; the huge red car came to a grinding stop, and the white-faced driver climbed hastily out and ran back. There, in the middle of the street, a little boy was sobbing over the mangled body of a little yellow dog. A crowd gathered almost instantly; traffic stopped. The driver, a youngish man dressed in a checked golf suit, was greatly excited. The dog had started to cross in front of him—turned back—he had applied the brakes and jerked the wheel, but in vain—he couldn't have helped it—the dog was only a cur—not worth much anyway—but—what could he do? It was evidently a great loss to the boy.

He knelt beside the boy, and patted him on the shoulder; he spoke words of comfort and condolence in his ear; he reached his hand in his pocket, and offered him a dollar bill.

A dollar bill!

The kind old gentleman in the rear of the crowd was disgusted. A dollar bill? Only that much, when the poor little boy was sobbing so? It should be a five-dollar bill! He hoped the boy wouldn't take it.

A dollar bill!

The emotional young woman with the huge owl-like black rimmed glasses, carrying a Corona in one hand and a brief-case in the

other, choked audibly. As if that bit of dirty money could cleanse his soul of the stain of innocent blood! A dollar bill! Of course he wouldn't take it.

A dollar bill!

The middle-aged ribbon clerk in the front of the crowd, with a sandy cookie-duster trembling on his lip and a hungry look in his eyes, tucking his volume of "True Stories" closer under his arm, curled his mouth haughtily. A dollar bill to heal a broken heart! The boy would rise proudly to his feet and, tearing the paper into shreds, throw them in the pitiless creature's face, saying, "Wretch! What mean these things to me, now that you have slain my last friend?"

A dollar bill!

The boy raised his head, saw it, reached out his hand, took the bill, and smiled gratefully.

"Thank you, sir!" he said.

Together they picked up the limp form and carried it to the gutter. The crowd dispersed, the auto vanished down the street, the little boy trotted around the corner, a happy look upon his face.

The bystander hurried after him.

"You don't seem to take the little dog's death very hard, young man," he said a trifle reprovingly.

"Oh no, sir!" was the reply; "He wasn't my dog." —W. G. M.

The constable of Red Gap had caught a bum. He had his own ideas on crime and punishment, and after whipping him with the end of a lariat until he considered that he had realized his mistake in dropping off the rods at Red Gap, he lectured him thus:

"Now, you low-life scum of the city, ef I let you all go, will yuh catch the train thet goes through heah in five minutes?"

"Boss," whimpered the bum, "if you let me go I'll catch the train that went through an hour ago!"

The Stick-up Man—"Hands up! I want money!"

Professor—"Don't get excited; so do I. Where shall we look first?"

MOVE OVER, ABE; YOU'RE SETTIN' ON A BEE

"Yessir, a feller's never too old to learn; an' I sez thar is sech a thing ez teachin' an ol' dog new tricks. T'other day, I got sorter tired er settin' around the house an' watchin' th' ol' lady washin' th' clothes, an' I drug out my fishin' tackle an' an ol' bait can, an'



started fer th' crick. On the way across th' meadow I ketched me a fine leetle frog — right purty lil' feller, he wuz. Down by th' bank I got some fishin' worms, an' pickin' out a likely lookin' hole I sets an' dangles a few worms in the' worter. But the' feesh wun't bitin' on worms atall thet day, an' I set fer a right smart spell 'thout nothin' happ'nin'. So I sez t' myself, sez I: 'Them feesh aint awuntin' worms t'day; they's awaitin' fer a nice leetle frog.' So, I took th' leetle feller an' slid th' hook thru his snoot whur it wudn't hurt him none, dropped him in, an' stuck th' end of th' pole in th' bank.

"Weel, I set there an' dozed awhile, an' along in th' shank of th' ev'nin' I woke up, hearin' a commo-shun in the worter. An' yew know, thet there leetle frog had climbed up th' line an' wuz a settin' on th' tip of th' pole, singin'; an' a bunch er great big trout wuz splashin' around an' jumpin' out uv th' worter, tryin' ter reach 'im. So I pulled my .38 an' shot 'em all; there wuz about a bushel uv 'em!"

Father, appearing suddenly in the parlor doorway: "Young man, do you know what time it is?"

Hurried exit of young man, accompanied with—"Yes, sir, I was just on the point of leaving!"

Father—"I wonder what he ran for? I wanted to set my watch—it just stopped."

YE FABLE OF YE STUDENT ASSISTANT

A Tale with a Moral

Once upon a time when man walked up and down the wide unending sea shore and listed to the call of the Wild Egyptian Llama, which floated in from the thick mists about him, there were not any student assistants. In fact there were not any profs except those who roamed in the deep gray of a dewy dawn to gather sea weed or bugs for breakfast.

At that time they graded their own papers and did their own work. Over the whole world there was a feeling of happiness and compulsory chapel was unnecessary. Then as babies began to grow up and chew Mail Pouch, the profs began to wear celluloid collars and comb their eyebrows. One of them started an inovation by getting shaved at a barber's college once a month.

When they had advanced so far and as having vests to cover their suspenders, some highly cognizant one discovered that their shine could glim farther if they had flunkies to do their work. Prof. Stickmoore, at that time butcher No. 25 in the French Frog delicat-essan shop, thunk deeply on the subject for he was very anxious to have something to do his work.



With all his biological skill he extracted the skeleton of a bull frog and wrapped it in the hide of a shark (Stickmoore knew that the flunky must be a bright animal.) Then in the silence of a Saturday night, he amputated the fore-paws of a sleeping mud puppy and finished up with three long haired

amoeba from which he moulded a head.

Finally after much thought an consultation with the rest of the faculty, he dubbed the creature "Student Assistant." The next day being Sunday, he rested. Soon everybody was getting student assistants. Detobrecht needed one to mark his examination papers. Dickerhart wanted one to look over his notebooks. Even Ebell secured one to erase his blackboard and teach his class when he overslept. The Its became popular at once with the boys and were taken to ten cent shows and free baseball games because the boys wanted good marks. Even George, the janitor got one to mow the grass and sweep. The profs soon formed a radiator corporation and kept the hot air in circulation while the student assistants did the work.

Soon the Its began to smoke black pipes and wear celluloid collars just like the profs did. The amoeba hair began to grow inward and they only spoke to beautiful co-eds and read St. Nicholas.

The low heels of the student assistant scratches the mahogany of the desk and he counts his slips during chapel.

This spineless creature (Prof. Stickmoore had forgotten to put in a back-bone) wouldn't give up his job to be president. He calls prexy, "Clarky," and affectionately pats the shoulders of the dean. He jokes with the janitors and shows the coach how to improve the baseball team. He moves with all the pomp of a sardine in a can of oil.

Moral — They have played the fool and erred exceedingly.

—N. H. G.

Geology Prof—"Your confection-ery is very unclean, sir; look at this insect I found in the candy."

Slick-brained Clerk—"Oh, that? Why, don't you expect to find a fossil or so in rock candy?"

"I think I'll go to the dance at Newark and get some Math."

"Get some Math?"

"Yeh. Study some curves."

Coach—"Why didn't you turn out for track practice yesterday?"

Lusty Lunged Lew — "I had a date, sir."

"Had a date, did you?"

"Yes sir, but I didn't break training. A miss is a good as mile, you know."



Blanc—"Ma's goin' to call me 'Forest Asquith Brookfield Junior.'"

Noir—"My ma's goin' to call me 'Proctor-Gamble Napthalene Brown.'"

Tout les deux — "Aint your ma dippy, though?"

CAMPUS STATISTICS

It is estimated that the horsepower spent each year by the students in climbing the hill, amounts to 450,000. And then say the college student does not work.

The college walks and paths wear out annually more than \$10,000 worth of sole leather. (And heaven knows how many soul mates.)

In 150 more years Talbot Hall will have entirely disintegrated. The Memorial in the southeast corner of Shepardson campus will last for 10,000 years yet unless removed. (Slight chance!)

If every catalogue sent out by the office brought a new Denison student, Granville would triple in size.

It is understood that Prof. Howe is striving to incorporate in the plans for greater Denison, a system of electrified chairs for his 1:30 Physics Class, so that by pressing a button he can arouse them from their slumber when he wishes them to recite. (You will find the course number in the catalogue.)

"Who is that pretty girl that just waved to you—your sister?"

"I don't know; I haven't asked her yet!"

Sign on the back of an old gentleman who had chronic fainting spells:

"If I fall on the street and am taken to the hospital, do not operate. My appendices have been removed twice already."

AN INCIDENT OF THE
"FLAMINGO" CAMP

Sir Boss—he's our editor—came rushing into the office the other day, embraced the roll top desk in his joy, and burst suddenly into so loud and tuneless a song that even the Office Dog pricked up his calous ears in pain. Then the Arch Scribber grabbed up the Bird from his perch — a very thoughtless thing to do, since the fat creature was just beginning to bask comfortably after a meal of selected seeds — and started babbling the veriest nonsense into the mascot's blinking face.

"Brickbats and buzzards," he croaked, "I've found him at last!—the avis rarissima, the perfect fit, the alumnus incomparable!—met him up on the hill just now, and been talking to him for a half-hour straight. Say! He's too real to be true—honest!"

"Long whiskers?" suggested the stenog.

"Kissing the knot-holes and praying for the rising generation?" carped the city editor.

"Reminiscing about the G. F. C., the mud roads, and ye olde tyme wood chopping?" growled the Office Dog.

"No!" bawled the editor, almost apoplectic from repeated efforts to interrupt. "Nothing of the sort. I said 'real' didn't I? None of the traditional stage stuff. Dressed like an ordinary man, knew all the Denison football scores for the last two years—didn't expect to take the tunnel up the hill, nor to go to vespers in the new chapel. But he didn't bat an eye, just the same, when I took him over to look at Deeds' Field. Knew all about it—even estimated that it would take about five years to finish the job. No cynical bunk about Greater Denison, either, and best of all—he didn't end up by telling me for the hundreth time what a barren wilderness it was when he was in school, and how the football team in his day had one jersey, half a pigskin, and two acres of stubble among 'em, to play in. And he didn't pray for the welfare of our wanton and ungrateful souls amid all this dangerous luxury, either. Can you beat that?"

Bluffer!" scoffed the city editor. "Movie actor!" cautioned the stenog.

"Got a kid here in school?" queried the Office Dog.

"No," parried the editor gravely. "A Wittenberg spy, then!" chorused the three.

"Wrong again!" answered the boss with a chuckle.
"Then how come?"
"He graduated last year."

LITTLE STARIN' ANNIE

When the worthy trustees their visit come to pay,
Everything is washed up clean, and the trash is cleared away;
And the lawns are mowed, and the trees are trimmed, and the fountain's all fixed up,
And the campus' rid of everything, down to the cat and pup;
And all the profs get dressed up swell, and get their hair all cut,
And prepare their work the night before — just gettin' out the rut;
But p'r'aps you will not always know just when they'll be about,
And they'll come without your knowin' it,
Ef you don't watch out!

And what appeals to us co-eds is that they always bring
The trustees to the Sem to eat and hear us Semites sing;
And when they sit right with us all, you ought to see the eats,
The table can scarce hold them all so many are our treats!
But when they sit apart from us, it sure do make us rue
To watch them eating chicken pie, while we are eating "goo."
But p'r'aps you will not always know just when they'll be about,
And they'll come without your knowin' it,
Ef you don't watch out!

So now it seems the wisest way to always be prepared,
So of great embarrassment you always will be spared;
We would always have all things fixed up, and the trash all cleared away;
Our profs should never use their notes, but should be prepared each day;
And we should always be served of the very choicest eats,
And always give us all those things, which are now just treats

For p'r'aps you will not always know just when they'll be about,
And they'll come without your knowin' it,
Ef you don't watch out!
—L. A. H., '23.

OUR EVENING BEDTIME
STORY FOR CHILDREN

Mary Had a Little Lamb

Mary was the proprietress of a diminutive incipient sheep,
Whose outer covering was as devoid of coloring as congealed atmospheric vapor.

And to all localities to which Mary perambulated

The young Shropshire was practically certain to follow.

It tagged to the dispensary of learning, one diurnal section of time,

Which was contrary to all precedent

And excited the cachination of the Seminary attendant

When he perceived the presence of the young mutton at the establishment of instruction,

Consequently the preceptor expelled him from the interior;

But he continued to remain in the immediate vicinity

And thus was present in the neighborhood without fretfulness,

Until Mary once more became visible.
—N. H. G.

Chem. 6—"What do you break most around the lab?"

Chem. 2—"The third commandment."

"What makes the busses to New-ark so crowded lately?"
"Passengers."

"Too late!" exclaimed the little prof in a high voice as two tardy members rushed into class.

"If I had a million dollars I'd quit school."

"Yep!" And if a bullfrog had wings he'd fly."

"Oh, I don't know. He's got four legs and he doesn't walk—he hops."

THE BALLAD OF THE POLE
(As the Alumni—God bless 'em!—tell it.)

The shades of night were falling fast
And likewise falling down,
And the night was black when a bold attack
Was made on the house of Brown.

The rug was ripped, the bed was wrecked,
There was water on the floor,
E'er the Pebes would yield the bloody field
To the knights of twenty-four.

O where did the freshmen sleep that night?
And where did they lay them down?

They were far away when they hit the hay,
Yea, far from the college town.

The pole was cut and stripped of bark
And laid on the dewy green,
And the Freshmen came back in a gasoline hack
Before the sun was seen.

The armies gathered for the fray
Arrayed in ancient mail;
No time was that for a swell cravat
Or a shirt with a silken tail.

A shot rang out, up rode the pole,
The Freshmen charged amain.
The flag flew out and a battle shout
Rolled forth across the plain.

The battle close with a clash of arms,
Brave men rolled on the ground
In close embrace, 'till in the place
No unloved man was found.

Sir Stevie bold essayed to climb,
But some cruel Sophomore
Firm grasped his belt and soon he felt
His galligaskins lower.

Sooth 'twas a sight to see this knight
Unmindful of all hurt
Still bravely fight, through but be-dight
In B. V. D. and shirt.

Full many a gallant knight essayed
To climb that slippery stump,
But ever a Soph would drag him off
And slam him down kerplump.

Then the deafening clash of arms
And a savage battle cry,

And grass and mud and hair and blood
Flew up into the sky.

The fight was done and the Freshman horde
Stood ankle deep in gore,
But the flag they craved still proudly waved—
The banner of Naughty 'Four.
—C. H., '24.

A REPLY

(To the famous "Umbrellas" which we quote for purposes of inspration.)

The rain it falls upon the just,
And also on the unjust fellas;
But mostly on the just, because
The unjust have the just's umbrellas.

Our Reply:

The snow it gives us colds in May,
And also when bleak March oppresses;
But most of all in May, because
By then we're wearing thinner dresses.

Kind Old Colored Preacher (at a funeral)—"Well, little boy, are you a relative?"

Little Colored Boy — "No sah! Ah's a Methodist."



HE'S A JAZZ BABY!

Constable Boatleigh—"You can't go through this here town like that. Turn your cutout off."

Truck Driver—"But I have no cutout."

The Limb of the Law — "Well, durn ye, no city slicker can go thru here thet-a-way. Get on."

MEOW!

Headline (in a woman's periodical)—"Mrs. Catt Tells of the Suffrage Fight."

(And just below it)—"For Sale: Valuable fur at reduced rates."

PERCY MOUSE

Little Percival was an Alban child
Who had lived in infant bliss,
But his little soma shook
And his little eyes grew wild
When his mother told him this:

As he played one day with his playmates eight,
He was snatched up by the tail.
When the trochar hit the spot
And our Percy read his fate,
He at once began to wail:

Percy's side was large on that fate-ful day

When the scissors took their snips.
But the ether dose was strong
And his spirit fled away
With these words upon his lips:

Now St. Peter would not admit a mouse

With Sarcoma, such as he;
So he gnawed right through the gate

Stole a cheese at Peter's house
And he sings eternally:

Chorus:

From the first you are nursed
By the C. I. men of fame—
But in spite of dread Sarcoma
And Adena carsonoma,
You may get there just the same!
—C. K.

Dean Tanner says that there are two kinds of students; those who bone and grind, and those who bluff. We gather that he means who "dig" and those who just "shovel."

Bridge Hound—"I haven't held a good hand for a long time!"

Dumb Thing — "Why Harry! How dare you suggest such a thing!"

"Say, Jim, how's your chorus beauty from Finland?"

"Oh, we've quit; she was too fast for me."

"How come? She looked quite polished."

"Yeh—a hard Finnish!"

Mother—"Willie, get up and give your father a seat; doesn't it pain you to see him reaching for a strap?"

Willie—"Not in a street car."

THE STORY IN A NUTSHELL

(To the Tune of "In My Prison Cell I Sit")

In my chapel seat I sit
Thinking Helen dear of you,
Of my little girl back home, so far
away;
And the tears they fill my eyes,
Spite of all that I can do—
I get bluer and more homesick
every day!

Gee! the Red Sox beat the Yanks,
That gives Cleveland second place,
And Detroit is not so very far
away.
Williams hit his eighth home run,
But the Browns aren't in the race.
Gosh, I wish that I could see the
big leagues play!

Don't you like to watch the boys?
I think it's just heaps of sport,
Just to guess who's going to give
his pin away;
Gee, I think that fellow's cute!
Wish he wasn't quite so short,
You should hear the thrilling
things that boy can say!

Chorus:
Champ! champ! champ! the boys
are munching!
Cheer up comrades, and be gay!
Listen to the chapel talk, it is al-
most twelve o'clock.
Sign your tickets—throw the pea-
nut-sacks away! —G. W., '26.

Sis—"Oh, how I love music. I
want to learn how to sing awfully!"
Bud—"You do now."
Sis—"Do what?"
Bud—"Sing awfully."

"So you sent a dollar for that
advertised appliance to keep your
gas bills down. What did they
send you?"
"A damn paper weight."

"What are you taking for your
cold?"
"Make me an offer."

Come gaze upon the little moth
Who eats no meat nor rolls
And lives on zero cents a day
For all it eats is holes.

Alma made an angel cake
For her darling Harry's sake.
"Harry, you a piece must take!"
This she meant.
Harry ate it every crumb
Then he heard the angels' hum
Calling softly, "Harry, come."
Harry went. —N. H. C.

TROUBLE AT PODUNK

The barber shop was closed for
the day. The shades were drawn
and the last customer had de-
parted. All was still. Nothing
but the dry, hacking cough of a
Ford in the last stages of con-
sumption could be heard. Sudden-
ly a low mumbling became notice-
able. It grew louder. No one
knew from whence it came. A
crowd quickly gathered as the
mumbling grew still louder. Now
it seemed to come from the barber
shop. Everyone seemed to sense
an impending tragedy. Suddenly
a police officer stepped up and after
a moment's questioning, drew out
his gun, walked firmly up to the
door of the shop and knocked. The
murmuring ceased instantaneous-
ly. After a moment of suspense,
the door opened. It was the bar-
ber. His face was as white as a
leper's. Whiter, in fact, for it was
covered with lather. In his skinny
hand was a razor which shone in
the yellow moonlight like the gold
teeth of a corpse.

"Quick!" commanded the officer,
"what has happened?" The bar-
ber's head fell. Two great tears
coursed down his cheeks which
soon began to resemble a melting
April snow.

"I was only shaving," he mur-
mured pitifully, "and was trying to
persuade myself to take a sham-
poo." —N. H. G.

"Why does a fireman wear red
suspenders?"
"To hold his pants up, of course."
"No, it's to keep them from com-
ing down."

Andy—"I heard something about
you today."
Min—"It's not true. I never did
such a thing."

"Are you married?"
"That's my business."
"How's business?"

'26—"I would never marry a girl
my inferior."
'25—"That would be rather hard
to do."

Jack—"I never know how to take
you."

Jill—"You never tried."

Preacher — "Who gives this
woman away?"

Wild Rose of Red Gap — "I'll
shoot the first guy that speaks!"

A thoughtless collegian named
Liver
Got stalled on the pike in his fliv-
ver;
The garage man said: "_____"
When he looked in the tank,
"Is that all the gas you can give
'er?"

Pop—"I don't know what I'm go-
ing to make of that son of mine."
Dean—"Perhaps your son hasn't
found himself yet. Isn't he gifted
in any way?"

Pop—"Gifted! I should say he
is! Everything he's got was given
to him."

There was an alumnus from Tiffin
Who came back to school looking
spiffin';

So foppish his clo'es
That his classmates arose,
And treated him free to a miffin'.

The manager was very cross.
"I can see no one today!" he
snapped at the office boy as he
slammed the door labelled "Pri-
vate."

Within an hour the office boy
strutted in.

"Gentleman to see you, sir!"
"I told you I could see no one
today!"

The office boy edged toward the
door—"Yes sir, but this man says
he is an optician, sir."

"I am crazy about you!"
"Then hadn't you better stay
away?"

Oh, once a young lady from Me.
Said, "You give me a terrible pe.
Please do go away
Right this very day
Or you will drive me quite inse!"

"My dad goes riding with John
D. Rockefeller almost every day."
"Golly! Your dad must be some
big guy!"
"Betcherlife! He's the best
chauffeur there is!"

"Is your neighbor, Mr. Playlate,
a finished musician?"
"Nope; but I'll finish him yet,
some night!"

"How do you do—is Miss Flap
at home?"

"Oh yes, but you can't see her—
she's dyeing!"

"Migosh! What—"

"Oh, don't get excited; it's just
her hair!"

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You will find here a great variety of

SMART COATS, CAPES, DRESSES, BLOUSES, SPORT SKIRTS,
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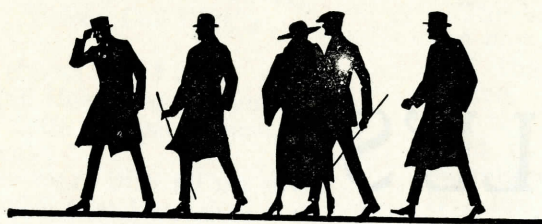
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No matter what the occasion
Walk-over can fill the order.

New spring shoes for men and women have arrived. You'll find what you want here from the heavy brogue type oxford for men to the dainty satin pumps for women.

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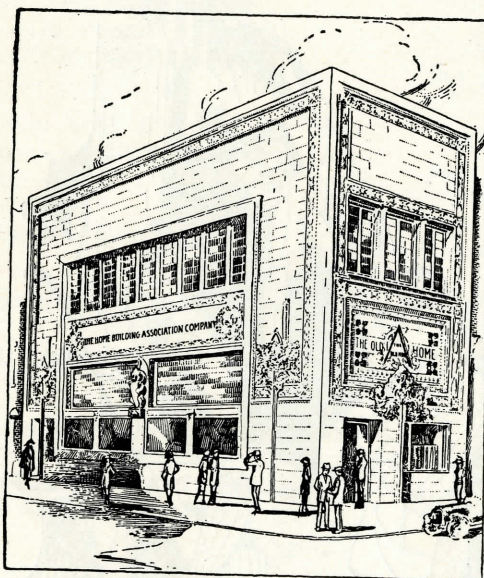
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in
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GRANVILLE, Thresher St.

Arcade, NEWARK



"Say, my boy! You have given me five cents too much change."

"Did I? Well, I like to see honesty—just keep the change, mister!"

Frankie had been efficiently taught to give up his seat whenever ladies were standing in a streetcar. One day he was riding down town with his father; the car became crowded, a young lady got on, and the little boy got up and offered her his seat. She took it, and his father held him on his lap. Again another young lady boarded the car; and with his customary politeness Frankie slipped down, tipped his hat, and courteously motioned to his father's lap.

"How do you get a sheepskin?"

"By the power of suggestion," replied the beautiful and dumb Senior.

"Suggestion?"

"Surely. By making sheep's eyes at the professors."

Lovin' Sam—"Mandy, tell dat nigger to take his arm frum around yo' waist!"

Pettin' Mandy—"Tell 'im yo'self! He's a pufect stranger to me."

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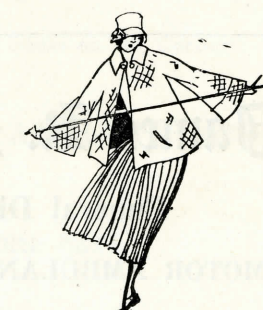
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SORORITY
Jewelry,
Leather and
Felt Goods.

GEO. STUART

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GRANVILLE, OHIO

Preacher (reading his text)—"I am the Lord thy God."

Customary Small Boy (in a stage whisper) — "Is he really, mama, or is he just kiddin'?"

Prof—"You've got to learn to use your head if you want to get along in the world today; it's the trained mind that—"

Stude — "Pardon me, sir, but the brick-layers on the new chapel get paid more than twice as much as you do!"

Rabbits multiply, but it takes a snake to be an adder.

James K. Morrow

Funeral Director

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Arcade Newark

The Old Adam (ardently) — "I love you so I'd die for you!"
The New Eve (flippantly)—"How you must trust me! — when I've just been appointed coroner!"

"I just came from Brazil."
"Yeh? That's where the nuts come from, aint it?"

Professor's son, to visiting prominent Alumnus—"Please, Mister, here's a glass of water for you."

"Thank you, my little man! It was very thoughtful of you; but I really don't care for a drink now."

"Oh, please drink it anyway!"

"Why, little man, are you so anxious to have me drink it? Is there something it it?"

"No sir, it's perfectly good water; I want to watch you drink; Mama says you drink like a fish!"

"Please, ma'am," began the hobo as he stood in the kitchen door, "I've lost my leg—"

"Humph!" snapped the woman, slamming the door, "I aint got it!"

"Do you think the end of the world is near?"

"Well, considerably nearer than it has ever been before."

"Do you finish school this year?"
"No; this is my Commencement year."

"Say, where did I put that Memory Course Lesson? I can't find it anywhere."

"Which one was it?"

"Let me see—I can't remember—but I think it was the last lesson of the course."

We live and learn—but some of us just live.

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MEN'S TAILOR

Give Me a Call

Arcade

Newark, Ohio

Prof—"I am forced to fail you. Do you know why?"

Stude—"I haven't an idea."

Prof—"That's exactly right."

—Cougar's Paw.

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Good Positions for Graduates.

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Newark, Ohio

GEORGE E. ALVOID, President

George — "That girl's a miser when she dances."

Oscar—"How's that?"

George—"Very, very close."—Burr.

"Whar did yo' get dat fine hat?"

"At the sto'."

"How much wuz it?"

"Ah don' know. De sto'-keeper wasn't dar!"—Chaparral.

Butcher—"Do you want this for a stew?"

Nubride—"Certainly not, it's for my husband."—Mink.

Mary—"What's the matter?"

June—"Chemistry teacher is overcome by gas."

Mary—"Where are you going, after the doctor?"

June—"No, more gas."—Bison.

The Visitor—"Why were you divorced from your husband?"

Lady of the House—"Why, our cook disliked him so that she threatened to leave if I kept him."—Freemont Messenger.

Prof—"Girls, I think I shall hold my class in the park this afternoon."

One of Them (admiringly)—"What a big lap you must have professor."—Bison.

DR. HECK

DENTIST

Over Cordon's Restaurant

We specialize in face and scalp treatment and girls' haircutting

ALEX ROBERTS

BARBER

Bolshi—"Wanna go on a sleighing party?"
Viki—"Who are we gonna slay?"—Medley.

Egg—"Going to the dance tonight?"

Natz—"I don't know; is it formal or can you wear your own clothes?"—Burr.

NO SALE

"Is this boat safe?" queried the prospective buyer.

"Safest on earth," replied the salesman.

—Yellow Jacket.

Tim—"Why do the authors say a smile crept over her face?"

Jim—"Because they are afraid if it goes any faster it might kick up a dust."

—Black and Blue Jay.

Ho—"Men are a good deal like horses."

Bo—"Yes, but a horse is worth more when he's broke."—Crocker.

Mother—"Don't you think that college boy is a bit fast for you?"

Dot (confidently)—"Yes, but I think I can get him."—Punch Bowl.

Man—"Waiter, this soup is burned."

Waiter—"Who told you so?"

Man—"A little swallow."—Stone Mill.

Printing Engraving Embossing

GOOD PRINTING—We make a specialty of all kinds of College and Commercial Printing. Particular attention is given School, Fraternity and Sorority Publications. A new series of Poster Type recently installed is suitable for two-color printing.

NEW PROCESS EMBOSSEING—We have installed a new machine for this class of printing and the work done is becoming very popular. The next time you order Letter Heads, Envelopes, Business Cards, Menu Covers, Programs, etc., ask about it.

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Granville Service Garage

Kelly-Springfield Tires
and Tubes

Philadelphia Diamond Grid Batteries

Father—"Mary, why did that young man linger so long in the hall?"

Mary—"Oh, he's a song salesman and was just demonstrating the latest hit."

Father—"What is it?"

Mary—"A Kiss in the Dark."—Puppet.

Bob Pickup—"Ay, Fitzgerald, can ye tell me why Lord Pepperell always wears a monocle?"

Fitz.—"Well, Im not sure, but I guess it's because his blooming brain can't absorb more than one eye can see."—Brown Jug.

"ABOVE the CROWD"

stands the man who is smartly dressed, who has learned, as Shakespeare said, "Clothes do not make but proclaim the man."

Would you be well dressed, with becoming style and character, in suit or overcoat?

Then let us show you a selection from the line of Kincaid-Kimball Clothes—"Famous for Fine Tailoring." Even the prices will appeal to you.

New Hats, Shirts and Furnishings

Grafter & Brashear

No. 5 So. Park Place

"Where the Best is Sold"

SCENE: A BUTCHER SHOP

Butcher—"Snap out of it, John, break the bones in Mr. Jones' chops and wrap up Mr. Smith's ribs."

John (very busy)—"All right, sir, just as soon as I've sawed off Mrs. Murphy's leg."
—Cougar's Paw.

1st Tommy—"And what are the Ides of March?"

2nd Tommy—"The Ides of March? They must be the skins off March 'ares."—Dodger.

For Quality and Service

CHAS M. MEARS



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Stude—"That woman is a public menace. She's too destructive."

Roomie—"How come?"

Stude (bitterly) — "Why, first she broke my heart, then she broke me, and now she's broken our engagement."—Puppet.

Madam—"Are you an experienced ladies' maid?"

Maid—"Yes mum. Gimme thirty minutes and I can assemble a lady so she can go anywhere."—Bison.

"You know, the early bird gets the worm."

"Yeah, but what about the poor worm? Nobody thinks of him."

"That's all right. He had his fun. He was out all night."—Stone Mill.

Policeman—"You're under arrest!"

Cross-eyed Bimbo—"What for?"

Policeman—"You look crooked."

—Punch Bowl.

The reason few milkmen are married is that they see women too early in the morning.—Orange Owl.

Editor—"Can't you think of any but naughty jokes for this magazine?"

Hopeful—"Yeh, but I thought this was a college comic."—Brown Jug.

Two young men, one studying law, the other theology, were arguing about the respective merits of their ideals.

"Well," said the aspirant to the ministry, "when I'm a bishop I can say, 'You be damned,' but when you're a judge the most you can say is 'You be hanged.'"

"Yes," retorted the other, "but when I say 'You be hanged,' you're jolly well sure of being hanged."—John Hopkins.

Elkton

\$9



Scotch Grain

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BRINGING DOWN FATHER

Kind-hearted Old Gent—"Here's a quarter for you, my man. It's too bad that you have to ask for alms in the streets."

Beggar—"Thank you so much. You may not believe it, sir, but once I was a multi-millionaire."

Kind-hearted Old Gent—"Hum. And what became of your fortune?"

Beggar—"I sent my son through college."
—Wampus.

Contrib—"I don't know whether I better go in for the art or editorial staff."

Editor—"I advise the art staff."

Contrib—"But you have never seen any of my drawings."

Editor—"No, but I've read some of your poetry."—Gargoyle.

He—"How's my girl today?"

She (with enthusiasm)—"Just fine!"

He—"How do you know?"—Purple Parrot.

LOGICAL—AT LEAST!

Judge—"Is your wife dead?"

Biggs—"Yes, your honor; she died of natural causes."

J.—"What were they?"

B.—"I threw her off a twenty-story building."

J.—"Great Scott, man, you don't call that natural, do you?"

B.—"I surely do. It would be mighty unnatural if she hadn't died!"—Navy Log.

"Why aren't there any fire escapes on this building?"

"Madam, because we are so public-spirited. If there is ever a fire in this building we don't want it to escape."—Chaparral.

Benevolent Old Gentleman—"Are all these children yours, or is this a picnic?"

Weary Mother—"They're all mine. It's no picnic."—Lampoon.

She—"Are you buying new wraps this fall dear?"

Her — "No, my husband gives me those every day."—Banter.

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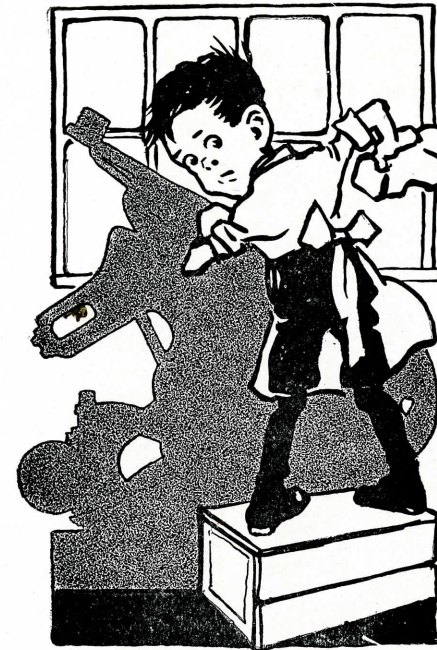
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